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MID-WEEK PICTORIAL



On Patrol of the Adriatic!

An Austrian torpedo-boat destroyer in a dash at high speed over the Adriatic Sea, the mastery of which is being sought by the fleets of Italy and Austria.

(Photo from Benno Verizzo.)

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The Situation

(Week ending April 3, 1916)

ANOTHER furious German drive against Verdun has been the outstanding feature of the week, accompanied by slow but steady German gains. The attack has centred mainly upon the northwest sector, where the French held a narrow tongue of land between Malancourt and Dead Man's Hill, from which they were harassing the German positions across the Meuse with a deadly artillery fire. Apparently Dead Man's Hill itself has for some time been in German hands, though French guns make parts of it untenable. The backbone of the French resistance on this salient was and is Hill 304.

It had become necessary for the Germans to silence some of these batteries before undertaking any other movement against the fortress. From March 26 to 30 the whole front at this point was subjected to a terrific storm of shells, after which the Crown Prince hurled great masses of infantry from three directions upon Malancourt. By means of repeated assaults, continued throughout the night, that fortified village was added to the blood-bought gains of the Germans. But the strongest French positions—Hill 304 and Avocourt Woods—remain unshaken at the present writing. The German gains here are of some value, but as yet they do not include any position of vital importance.

The same may be said of the Vaux-Douaumont line, southeast of Verdun. In the last few days the Germans have taken the village of Vaux and 1,000 yards of French trenches, penetrating Caillette Wood, southeast of Fort Douaumont, and then losing most of it again in a French counterattack. It should not be forgotten that the Germans have never gained a foothold upon the plateau of Douaumont, which rises immediately in the rear of the town of that name, and which is a vital part of the main defenses of Verdun. Until we hear of the storming of those heights no news from the Vaux-Douaumont sector will be of capital importance.

Are the Germans going to take Verdun in the end? Events of the last week furnish no proof of it. The Crown Prince can batter his way to the centre of the fortress in time, provided Germany is willing to pay the price in men; but every stage of his progress thus far has proved that the price will be ruinous. The strongest hills remain untouched, and the French are waiting there with steady confidence, ready with the same deadly fire that has characterized the defense from the beginning.

The capture of 600 yards of German trenches by the British at St. Eloi has served to notify the world that England's new battalions are getting to work. The British now hold one-fourth of the whole western front, having recently relieved many thousands of French troops for service farther south.

The Russian offensive between Dvinsk and Vilna is suspended for the present because of Spring floods, and the Grand Duke's movements in Asia Minor have produced nothing of immediate significance beyond the defeat of a Turkish force on the road to Erzincan. The situation as a whole is in a waiting stage preparatory to Spring activities.



This detail map shows the centre of the Germano-Russian front on the Vilna-Pinsk line.

AFTER the capture of Warsaw last August, as the great Russian salient was slowly driven in until the momentum of the Teutonic advance had spent itself, about the last of October, the centre of the line continued, by the nature of the ground and the distribution of the railways, to remain tactically the same, while the ends became more and more sensitive to strategic movements.

And now again the great problem comes up for solution: is it of greater military advantage to attack the centre of a line thus constructed or to deploy and flank the ends—to fight on the concave against fortified positions or on the convex? The Germans and Austrians first employed the latter method, on account of the weakness of the Russian field army, lacking, as it did, munitions; and then the former, as the weakness of the forts of the Warsaw angle, due to their inadequate defenses, became apparent, until nature came to the relief of the Russians; in the north in the shape of the Tirul Marshes, and near the south the Pinsk, or Pripet.

After saving the Russian armies by a masterly retreat through Galicia and Poland, the last act of the Grand Duke Nicholas before he was called to take command of the army of the Caucasus was to plan the defenses of the line so that General Alexeieff could consolidate them, particularly in the centre, where the nature of the ground gave neither side the advantage, but where the German advantage in well-drilled men and abundance of ammunition was offset by the danger of venturing further east from supply bases, with the contingent danger of having their lines of communication cut, their supply trains destroyed by rapidly moving bodies of Cossacks in their rear. This danger still menaces the lines leading to the German front, for only the other day a partisan leader with a small body of cavalry traversed the rear of the Germans between Bitten and Kovel, destroying supplies and shooting down the guards. Between Brest-Litovsk and Pinsk another has won romantic fame.

Although the northern part of the line selected for analysis last week may have been largely arbitrary in extent, the centre, shown in the accompanying map, is much less so, for reasons already pointed out. It is about 225 miles in length, beginning on the Vilna-Vileika parallel, twenty miles east of Vilna, and ending on the frontier of the Government of Volhonia, beyond the Pinsk Swamps, about forty miles east of Kovel.

Thus it runs directly through the Governments of Vilna and Minsk. In neither of these Governments are there mountains, the greatest altitudes in Vilna, or the northern Government, being rarely above 1,000 feet from the sea level, and those in the southern scarcely reaching 1,200 feet. In Vilna the prevailing nature of the land is broad, marshy, swelling, and rolling ground, over one-third of which is covered with forests. The western and eastern boundaries are trenced by the valleys of the Niemen and Dvina.

In Minsk the country descends rapidly from hills in the north to the swamps and marshes of the River Pripet in the south which form 15 per cent. of the entire area. North of the Pripet the land has been for the most part drained and cultivated. South of the river it is quite impassable except in winter, when the thermometer frequently registers 20 degrees below zero. Some of it is still unexplored.

Obviously, as long as winter lasted, the nature of the terrain of Vilna and Minsk remained about the same, but now the changed surface of the swamps and marshes must be taken into account. When the German drive from Warsaw reached the Pinsk area in October the surface had not been frozen over, and hundreds of the invaders were reported to have lost themselves in the bogs, with their artillery, automobiles, and convoys, and many deserters roved the country.

Here, too, partisan warfare soon made itself felt. A landed proprietor named Sabounevicz has all through the winter hunted down German posts and cut off their supplies. With a powerful band of well-organized horsemen he has swept through the marshes by paths known only to himself, and on one occasion captured an entire divisional staff of the German Army. These "Marsh Wolves," as the Germans call them, whose tactics and strategy are similar to those of Francis Marion, "The Swamp Fox" of the American Revolution, have thus far evaded the squadrons of Hussars.

These Pinsk swamps and marshes cover an area of more than 1,200 square miles—a territory equal to the State of Rhode Island—in the basins of the Pripet, Strumen, Styr, and Gorz Rivers, which flow through them.

Although this sunken land has figured in the dispatches as the Pinsk or Pripet swamps or marshes, the Russians call the whole area Polesie, and designate that on the Pripet by the name of

that river, while that lying on the Dnieper is called Pinsk.

The territory of the Polesie is a much deeper, depressive kind of gigantic valley between the surrounding lands. It is generally smooth throughout; only here and there may one find elevations of sixty to ninety feet in height. Some of these terrain waves form sort of ridges of passable districts and are inhabited.

A Hungarian officer who recently returned to Cracow after having traversed some parts of the Polesie said that the German and Austrian soldiers would certainly have made an attack upon the Russian lines here if only they had learned to use the Canadian snowshoes.

Save for their distances from their bases, there is no doubt that the central part of the Russo-Teuton line is more favorable to the invaders, from a tactical point of view. Warsaw is about 200 miles due west, while Moscow is 360 miles northeast. The terrain is embraced within the great angle of the trunk-line system which from Warsaw is bounded by the lines which run northeast to Petrograd via Vilna and southeast to Kiev via Kovel. Many lateral railways join the sides of the angle, which become more frequent as Warsaw is approached. The lateral line nearest the front of which the Germans are in complete possession is the Kovno-Kovel line via Grodno and Brest-Litovsk. Between this and the front is the Vilna-Sarny line, the southern part of which is still in possession of the Russians.

No system of railways aids the Russians east of the front, for the distributing railways radiating west from Moscow are inclosed by the huge angle Riga-Moscow Kiev, and have few lateral connections. From Moscow itself to the Russian front there is only one direct line, that via Smolensk, and only two junctions which may be fed as bases of supplies from the great Moscow system—Dvinsk, which was treated of last week, and Minsk. Still, as Moscow is approached similar junctions become more frequent, but the lines concentrating at them do not run north and south, but northeast-southwest and northwest-southeast. Such a junction is formed at Smolensk.

It hardly seems possible, therefore, that the Russians will attempt to develop any material offensive along their centre. Nor can the Germans risk making a salient here without prolonging the front, thereby requiring additional troops, with the constantly augmenting difficulty of supplying them.

The Man on Whom the French Defense Really Depends!



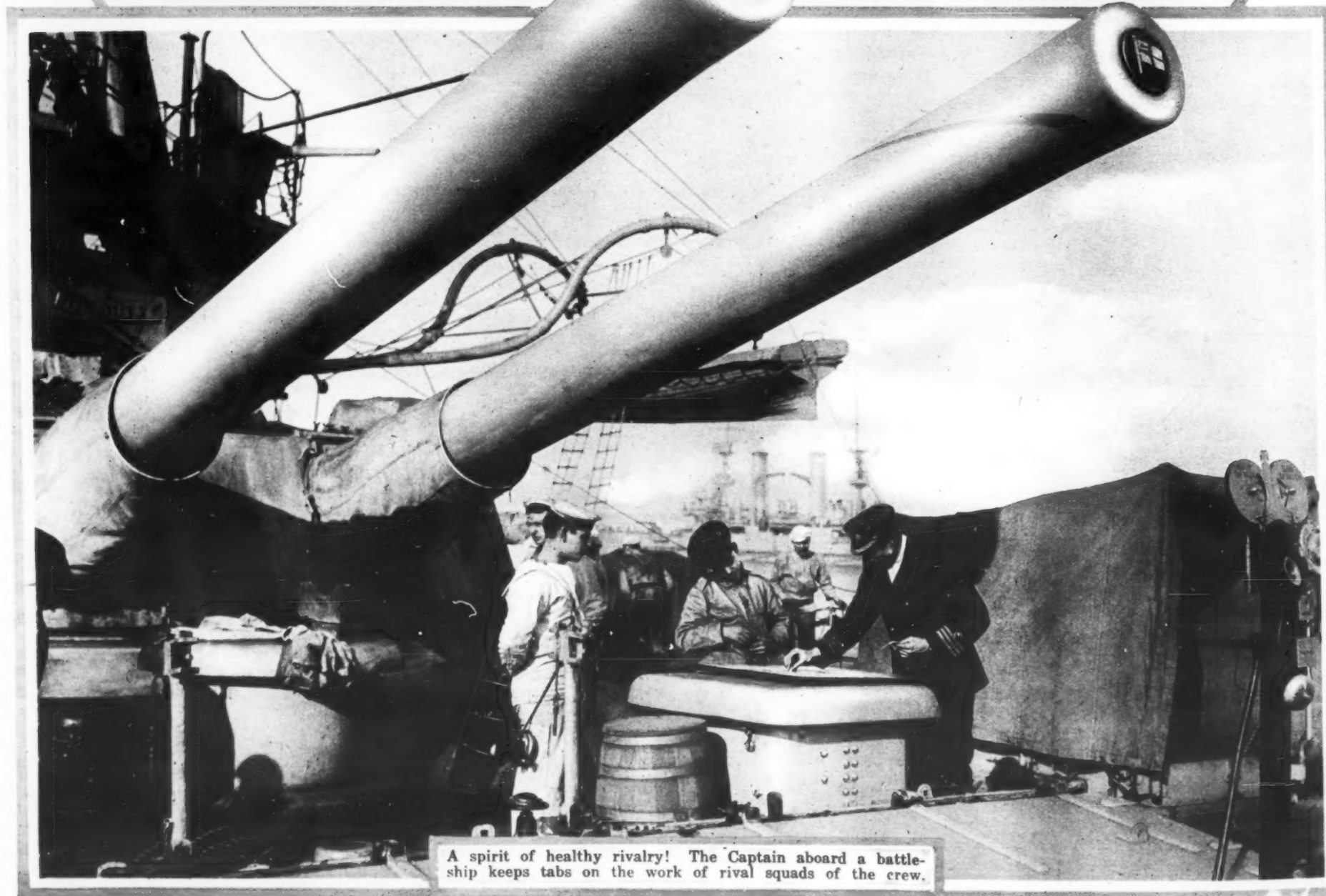
An intimate view of the Poilu, or French infantryman, in his earth trench, to which for a year and a half the soldiers in Northern France have become habituated. In a recent address General Joffre, Commander in Chief of

the French Forces, pointed out that it was upon the Poilu that French victory depended. This photograph was made in the trenches at Les Eparges, in the Verdun-St. Mihiel district.

(Official Photograph of the French War Office, supplied by Underwood & Underwood.)

Scenes Aboard Some of the Ships in the B

A British
cruiser
sticks her
nose into the
sea in a bit
of rough
weather off
the Isle of
Thasos.



A spirit of healthy rivalry! The Captain aboard a battle-ship keeps tabs on the work of rival squads of the crew.

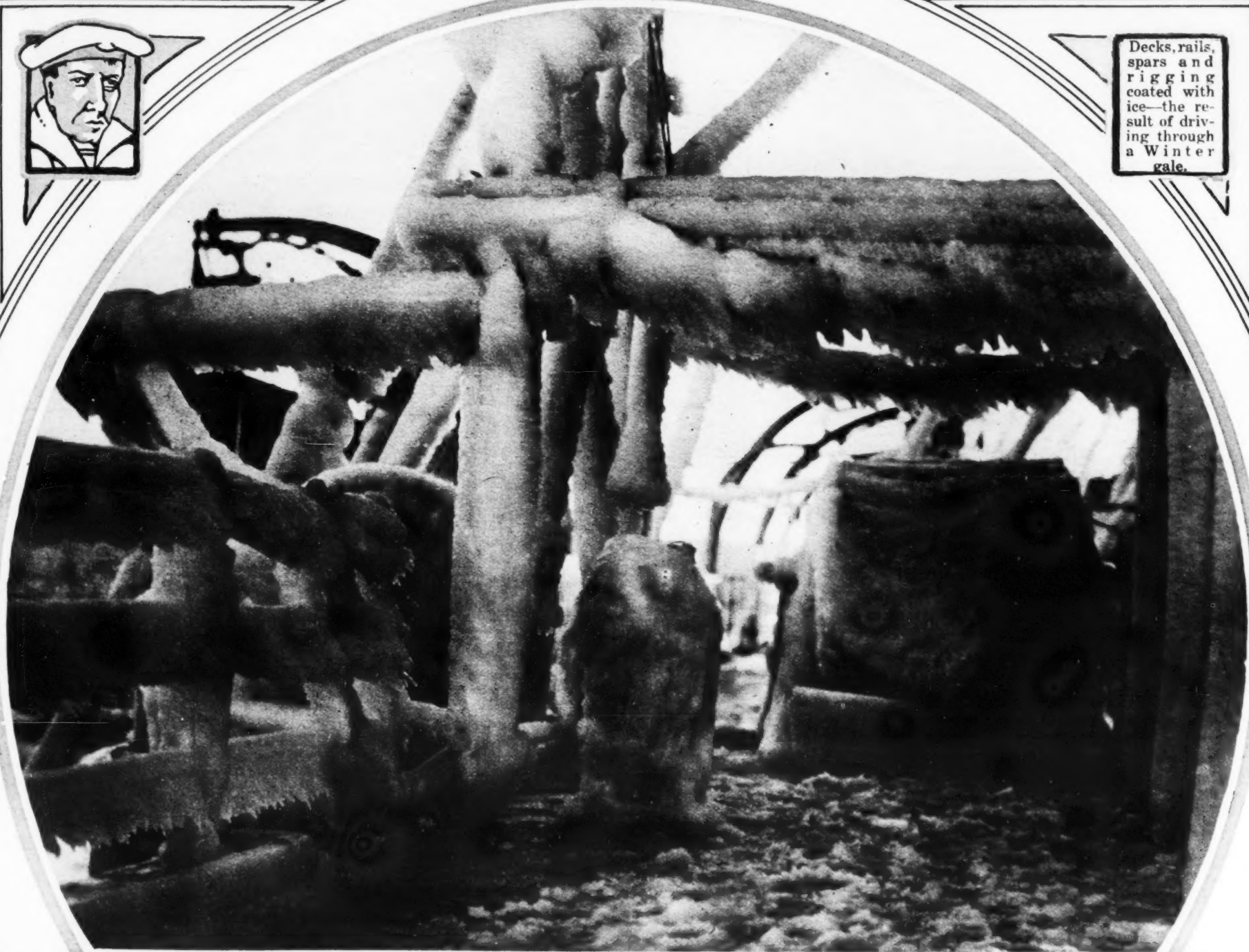
Official British Photographs.

THURSDAY,
APRIL 6, 1916

British Fleet Patrolling the Mediterranean



Decks, rails,
spars and
rigging
coated with
ice—the re-
sult of driv-
ing through
a Winter
gale.



With Nelson's motto in letters of steel! Washing down the turrets on a British cruiser in the East after coaling ship.

In the Vosges and Behind the Woevre!

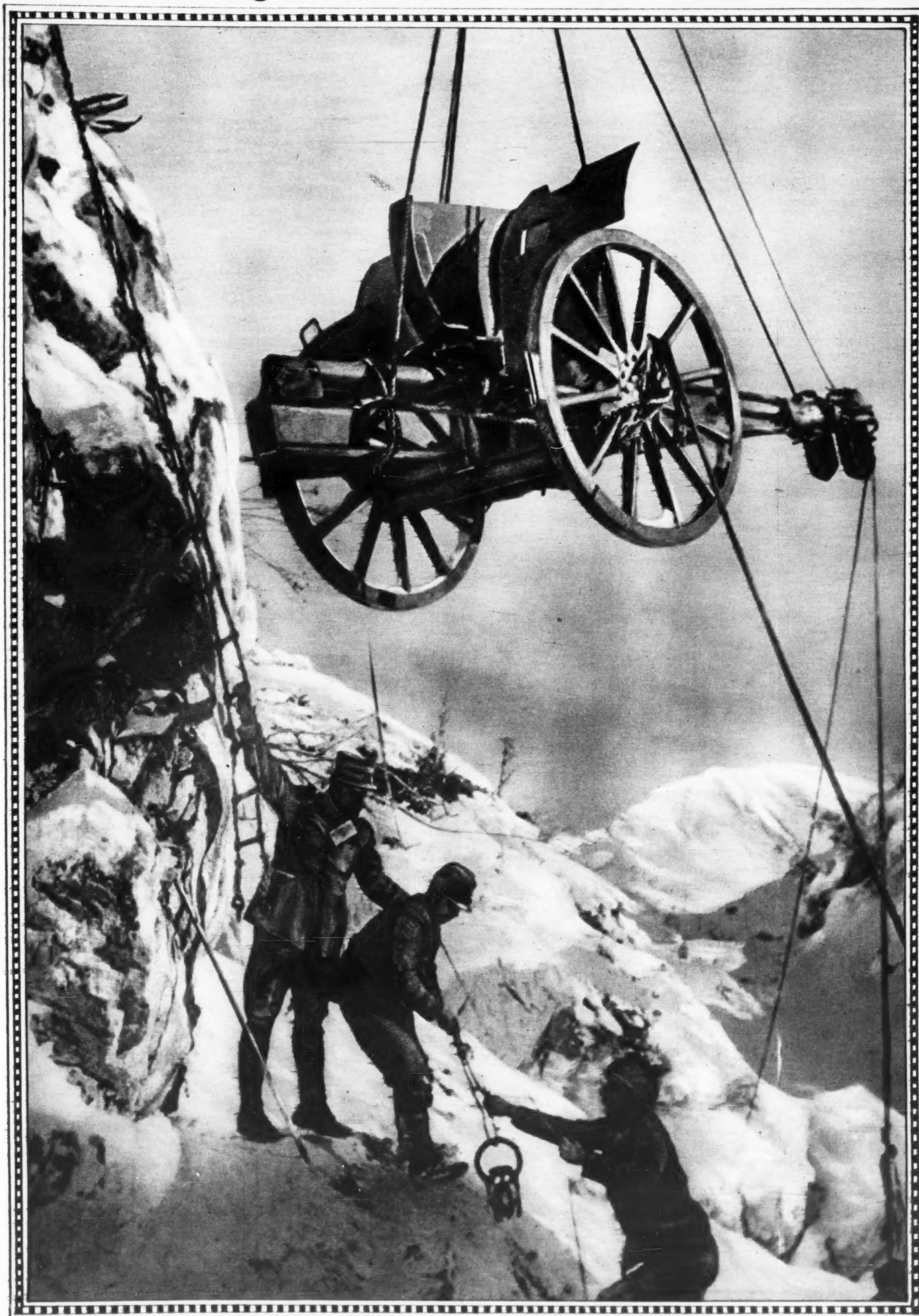


Men of the new French army of Alpine chasseurs resting upon a summit in the Vosges Mountains while on their way to strengthen an advanced line on the frontier peaks.



Big fellows are these French infantrymen, typical soldiers of the North of France fighting line; they are here seen waiting to entrain for the far front in the Woevre district.
(Photos © by Underwood & Underwood.)

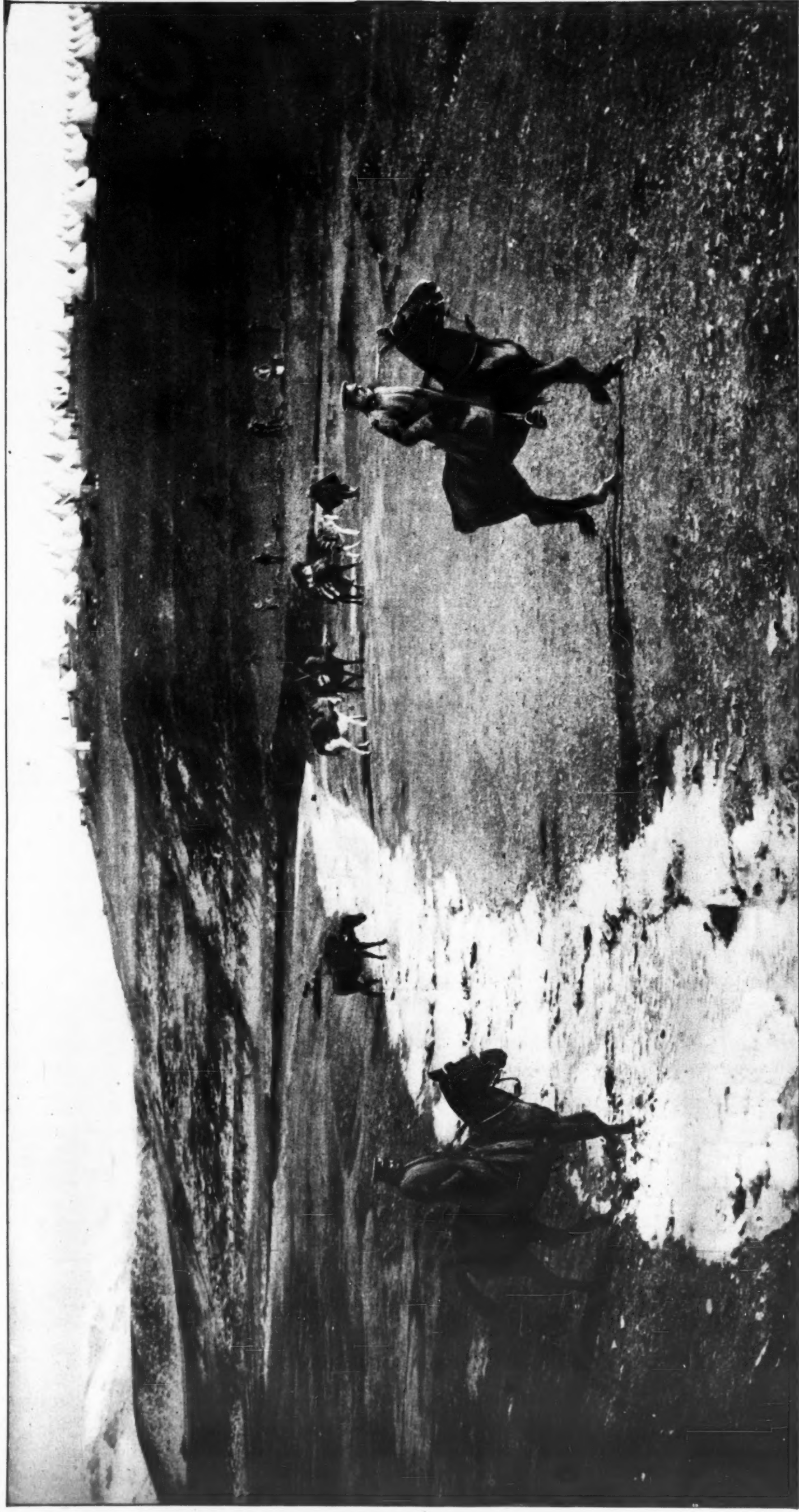
Overcoming Difficulties on the Italian Front



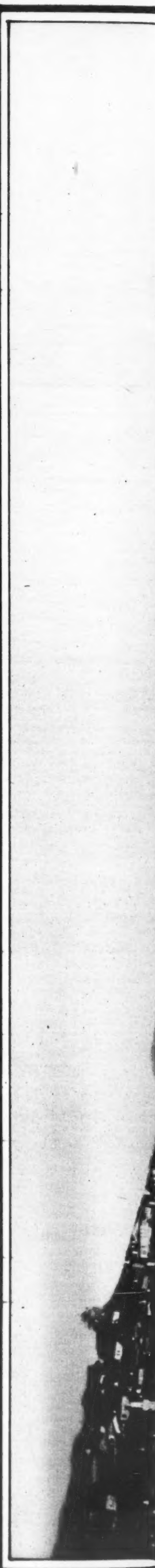
The photograph speaks graphically of the difficulties the Italians are meeting in their Alpine warfare against the Austrians and of the resourceful manner in which they are

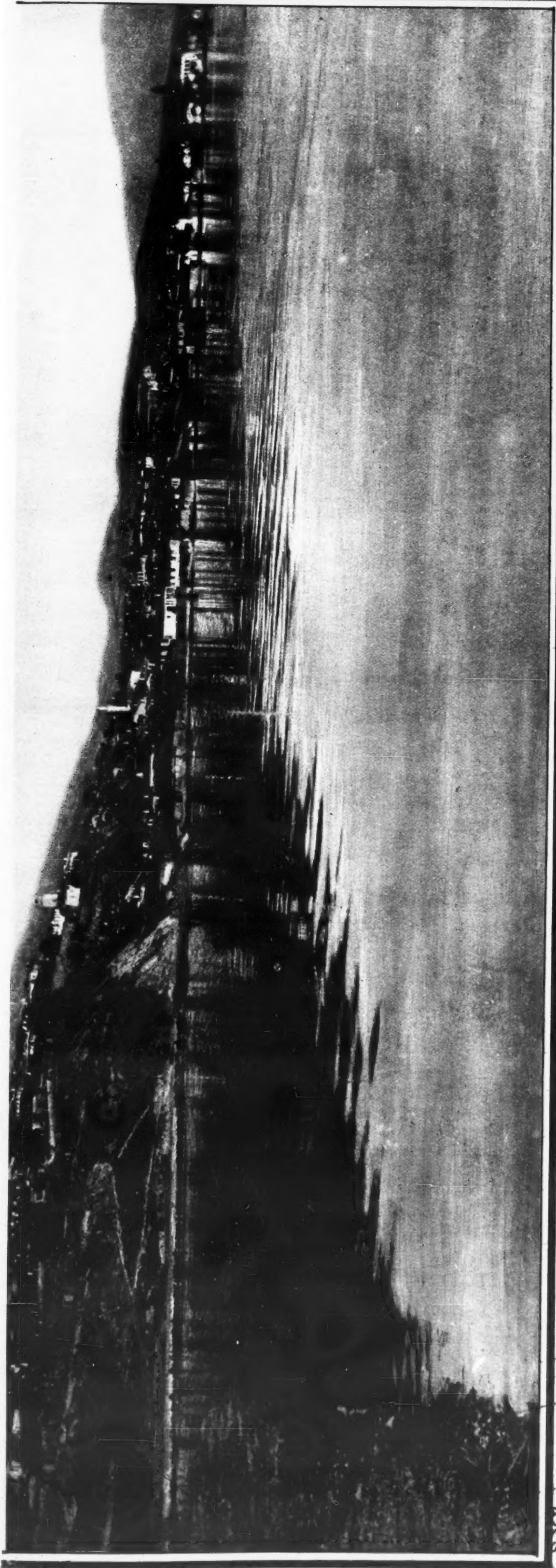
overcoming them. With great difficulty a rigging has been strung from peak to valley, and by this means field guns of small calibre are being hoisted to the heights above.

With the British—at Doiran and Other Macedonian Points



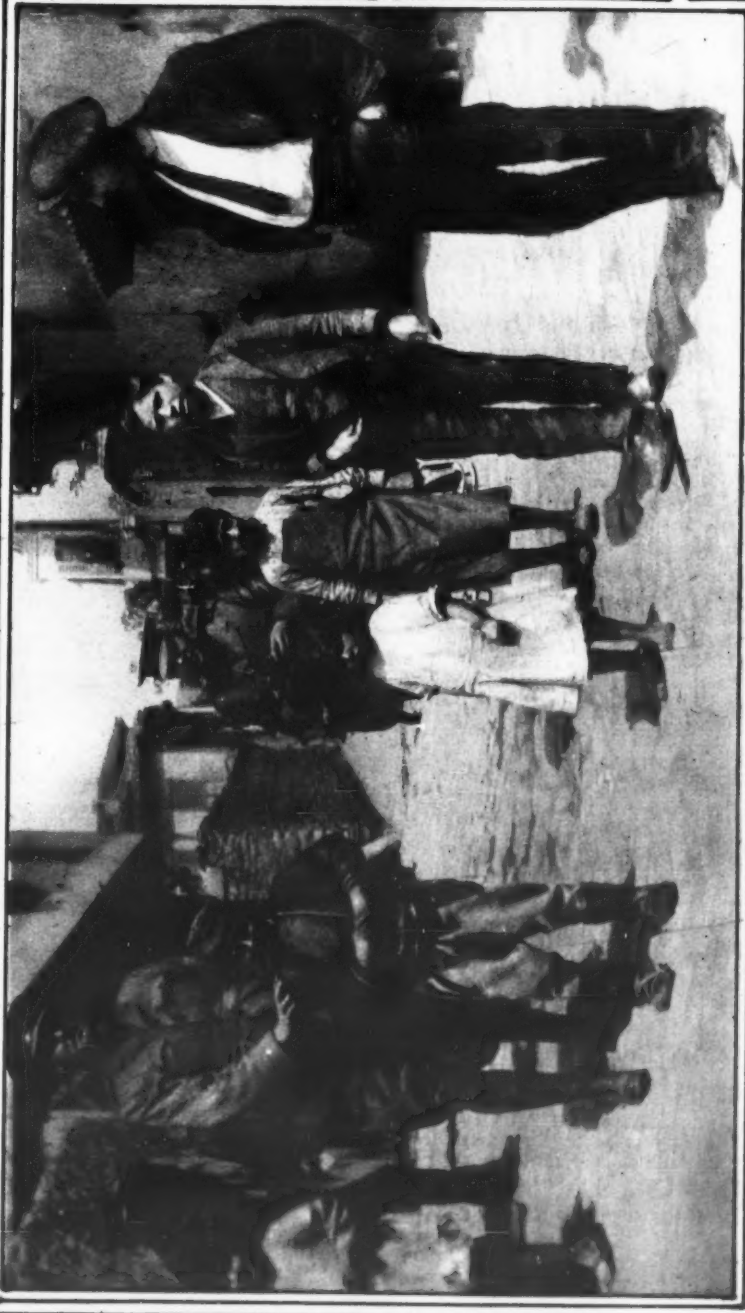
THE BRITISH CAMP OUTSIDE OF DOIRAN, NORTH OF SALONIKI; OFFICERS OFF FOR A MORNING TOUR OF INSPECTION.
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



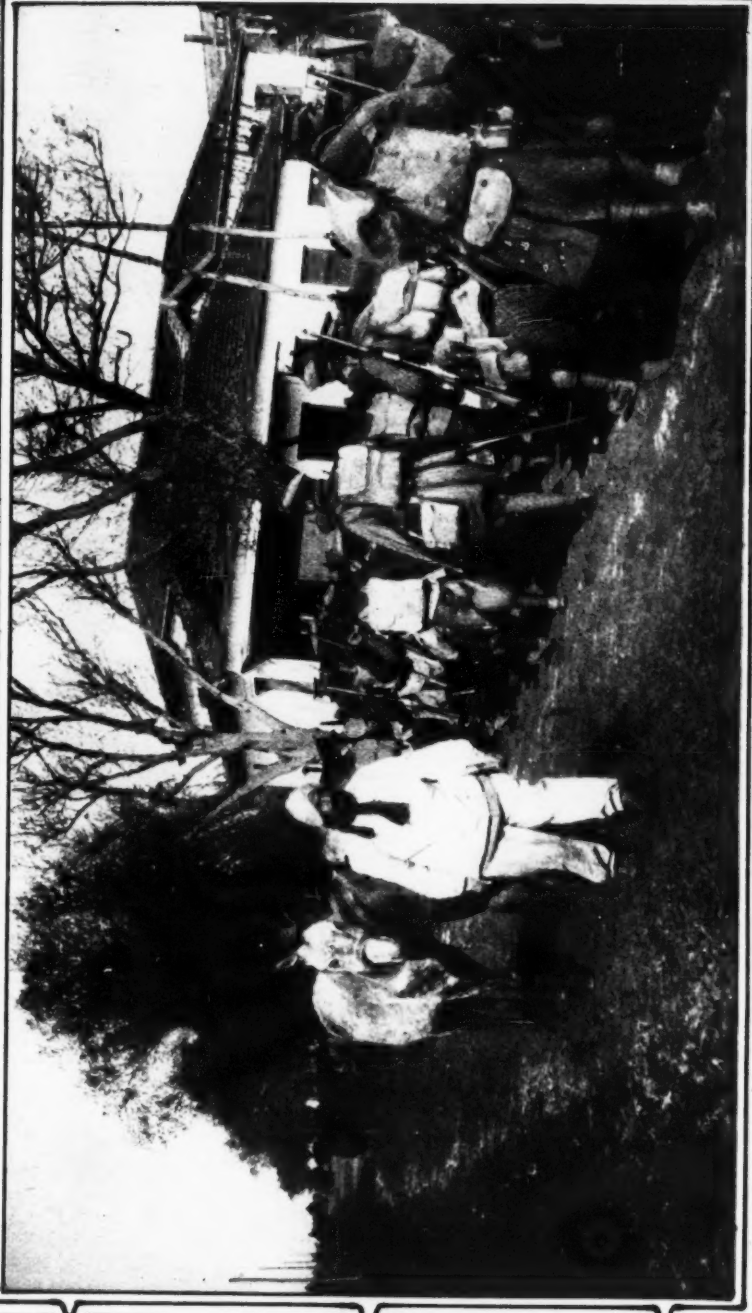


DOIRAN, ON THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE DOIRAN, WHERE THE THREE FRONTIERS OF BULGARIA, SERBIA AND GREECE MEET.

(Photo © International Film Service.)

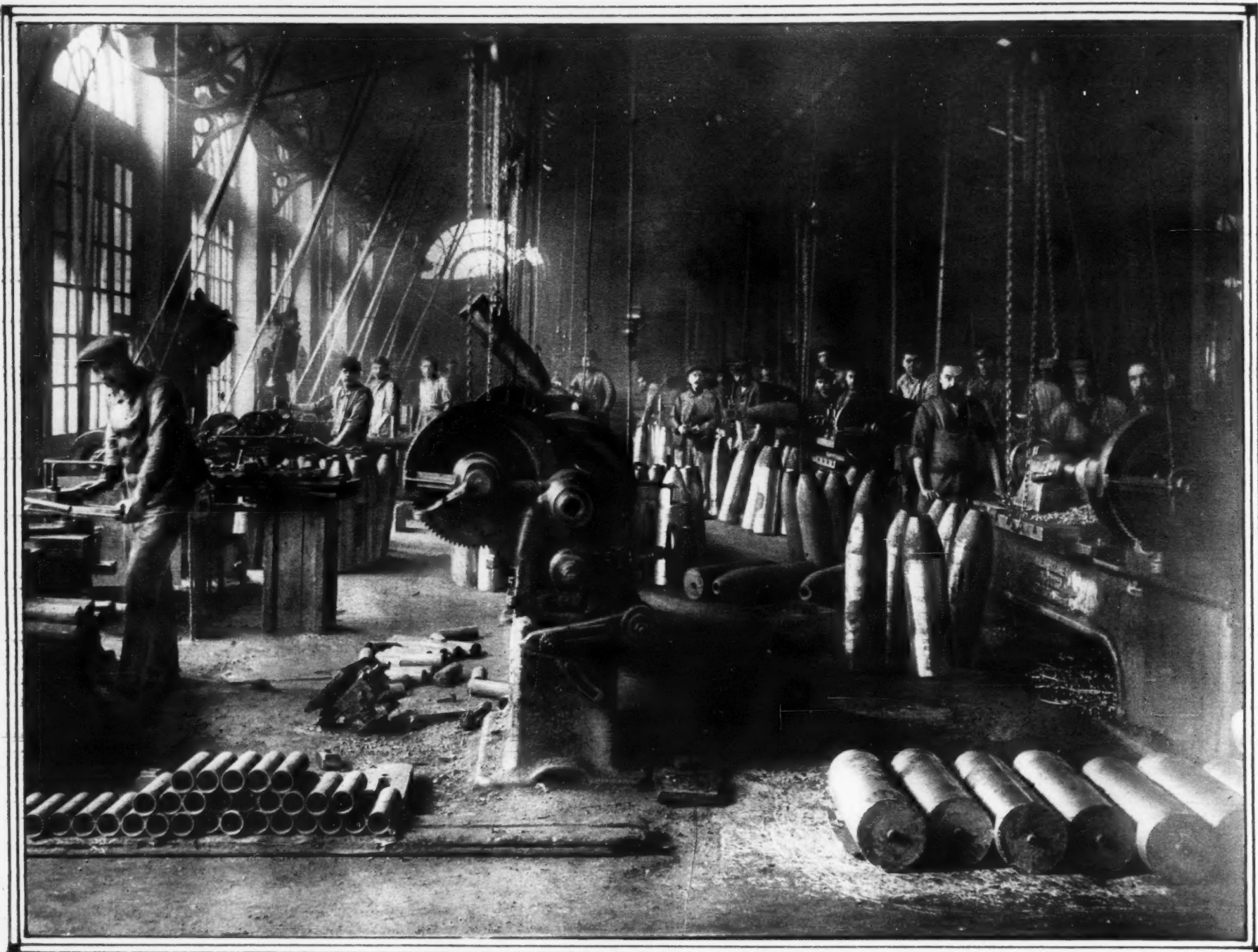


* British infantry on the road from Doiran to Saloniki; passing the column is a Greek teamster.

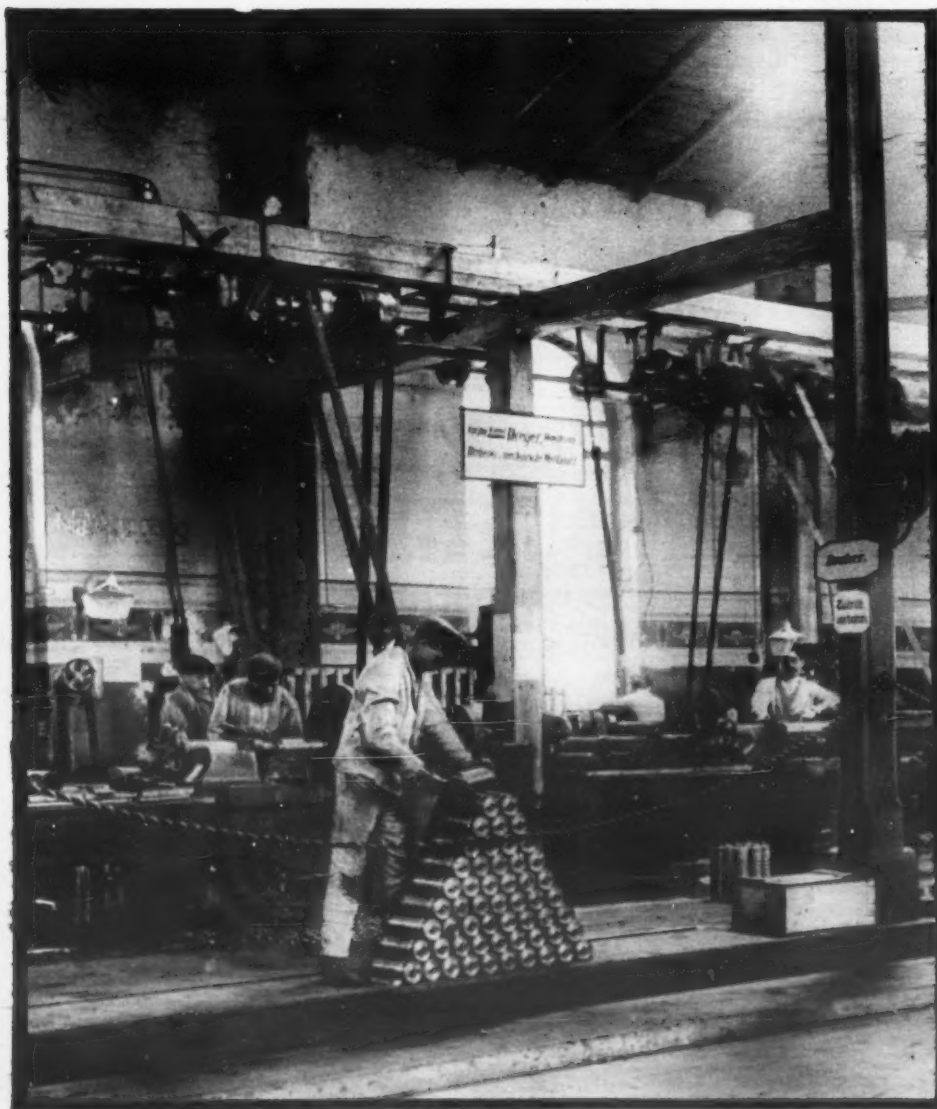


At Saloniki; the British soldiers have made friends with the natives in the Greek towns they are occupying.

Sound or Cripple, the Munitions Works Must Be Manned



Busy interior of a French arsenal where the huge shells of 220 millimeters are being manufactured.
(From a privately loaned French War Photo.)



At the lathes of the German arsenal at Bochum; German war cripples, recovered and fitted with artificial limbs, at work on 10-centimeter grenades.
(Feature Photo Service.)

Their Headquarters in a Snow-Bound Forest



German officers consulting maps and campaign plans outside an observation tower attached to their headquarters in a snow-bound forest on the eastern war front.

(Feature Photo Service.)

A Storm-Centre of International Discussion



THE INTERIOR OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE DURING ITS VOYAGE UNDER THE

(From an oil painting made on board by the German war artist, Felix Schwarmstadt; pub

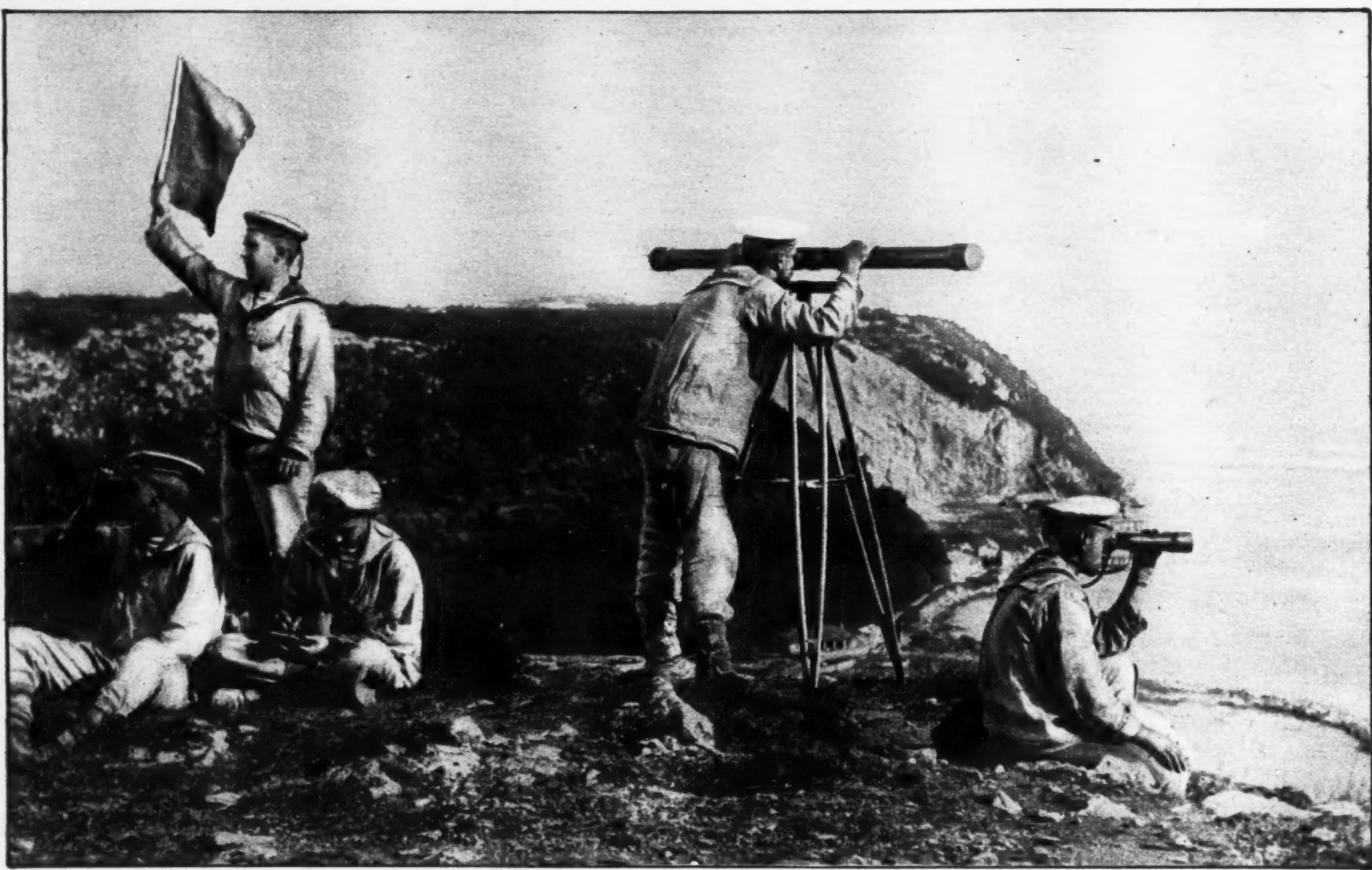
Discussion—the U-Boat of the German Navy



UNDER THE WATER; THE OFFICER IN COMMAND AT THE CENTRAL CONTROL STATION.
(Schwormstadt; published by arrangement with Illustrirte Zeitung, Berlin; © 1918; all rights reserved.)



Austria's Watch on Headland and Peak



Signaling from an Austro-Hungarian observation station on the Adriatic coast where a lookout is maintained for the Italian fleet.



Field Marshal Roth, commander of one of the Austrian armies, discussing with his officers at an Alpine observation post the disposition of forces in the Tyrol.
(Photos Underwood & Underwood.)

In the Paths of Austria's Armies

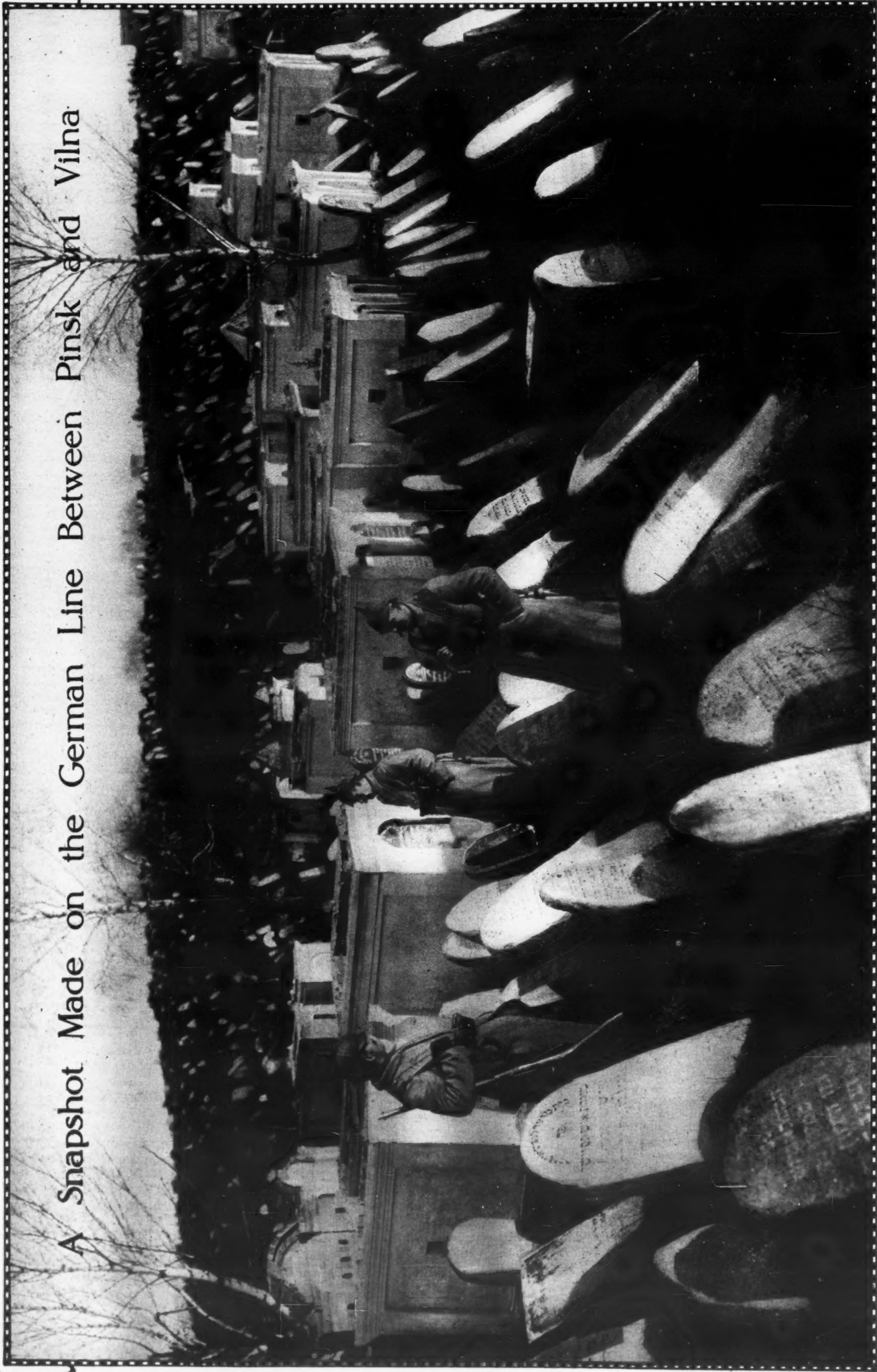


A burning village in Albania through which a column of Austrian engineers is transporting sections of a pontoon bridge.
(© Universal Press Syndicate.)



In mire and mud! Transporting supplies from a base station for the army of Austrians on the East Galician front.
(Press Illustrating Co.)

A Snapshot Made on the German Line Between Pinsk and Vilna

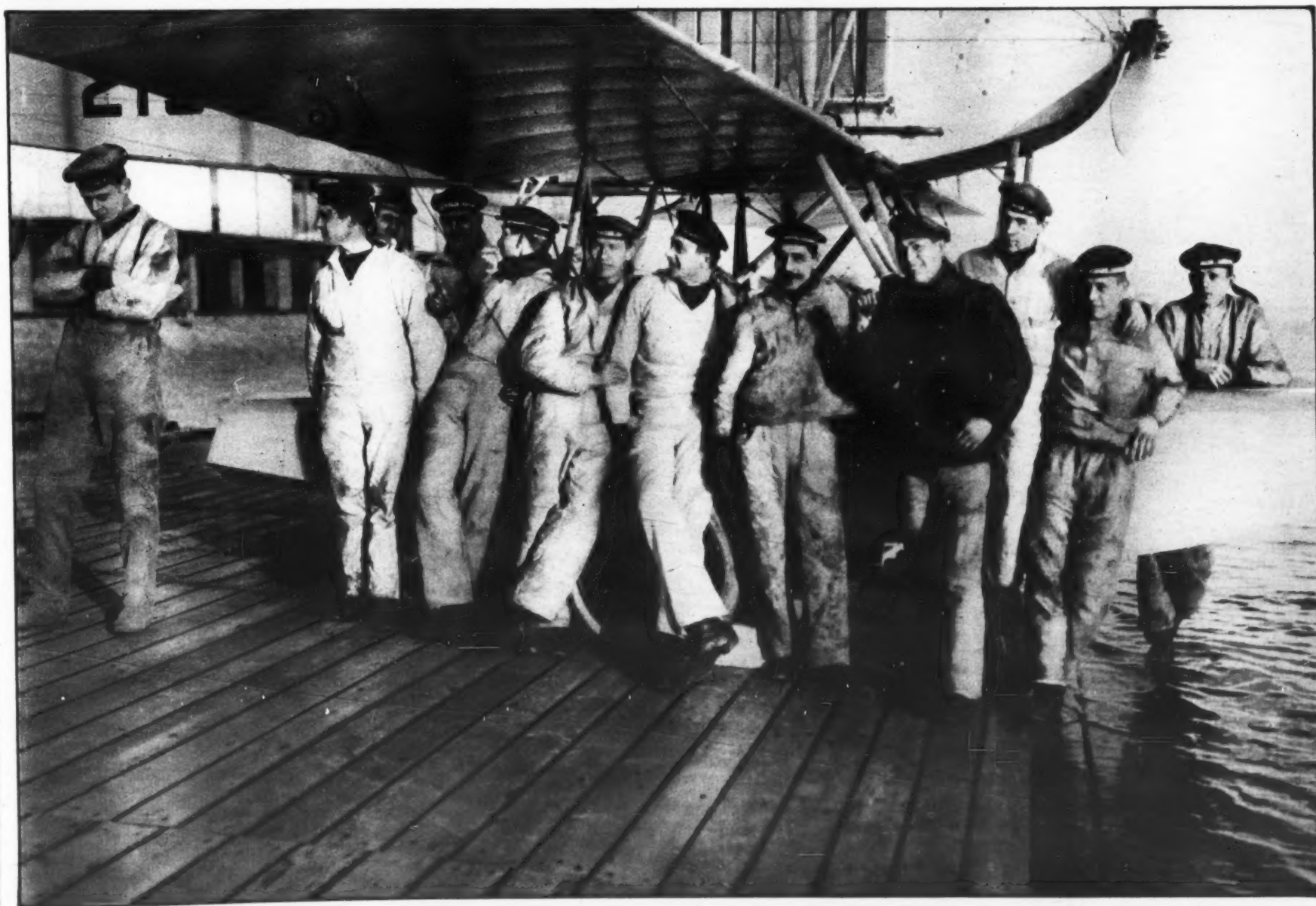


German infantry strolling in the old Jewish cemetery at Slonim, on the Niemen River in Russia; the German trenches rest on the edge of the graveyard behind the hill.
(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)

A Busy Arm of the German Air Service



Aviators of German hydroplanes in the North Sea squadron; these are probably the men who have been engaged in the recent raids over the English Channel and its ports.



Service corps of the German hydroplane division, photographed at a North Sea German port in front of a plane about to be launched; the hydroplane division is a strong arm of the German air service.

(Photos from Paul Thompson.)



A view of the summit of Mount Kilimanjaro, 19,700 feet high, near the Equator, in German East Africa.
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)

With General Smuts at Mount Kilimanjaro

By Charles Johnston

GENERAL JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS, the Boer leader of the British force in German East Africa, is now marching and fighting among the foothills and forests of the great mountain mass of Kilimanjaro, which lies on the northern border of German East Africa, and separates that territory from British East Africa immediately to the north. Kilimanjaro, whose silver-white summit must be within sight of Smuts's daily halting place, is among the mightiest mountains in the world, being almost certainly the highest peak on the African continent, and higher than any mountain in America north of the Panama Canal; only two North American peaks approach Kilimanjaro in height; these are Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, and Orizaba Mountain, in Mexico. Kilimanjaro, with an altitude of 19,700 feet, overtops them both.

Charles New, who was the first European, and probably the first man of any race, to reach the summit of the enormous snow-clad mountain, in the year immediately following the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, gives a vividly graphic account of the mountain and its approaches, and records many entertaining things concerning the native population; negroes gathered in well-

built villages of reed huts, under fighting chieftains, but busily engaged in well-developed agriculture and the keeping of cattle; by no means mere savages, therefore.

These Kilimanjaro natives, on the contrary, have a highly developed commercial sense, as one incident recorded by Mr. New sufficiently shows.

He had, as well as a string of native porters, a harmless, industrious donkey among his traveling corps, and this donkey, being pegged out to graze in the outskirts of a native village within sight of the huge snow peak, excited the curious interest of a young woman of the village, who walked all around it, prodded it in the velvet ribs and, perhaps, tried to pull its tail. The ass kicked up and knocked her over, without doing the slightest real harm. But the young woman saw her way to capitalizing the adventure, and at once began to cry out and lament, lifting her voice upon the winds with wails of "Oh, my mother! Oh, my mother!"

Mr. New, running to the outcry, saw the wailing damsel and tried to comfort her with a small bolt of dress goods; she dried her eyes, but assured him that her parents would never allow her to accept so small an indemnity—which, however, she took home to the

family hut. Her estimate was right, for on the following morning, while the snow summit was still rosy in the dawn, the entire feminine population of the village came to Mr. New's encampment and made the banana gardens ring with cries of "Oh, my mother! Oh, my mother!" thus picking up the lament of the night before just where it was dropped.

The result was inevitable; the transfer of more bales of dress goods to the offended but uninjured maiden, followed by the prompt departure of the traveler. This gives one an insight into the character of the natives among whom General Smuts is just now campaigning.

On his way to the great mountain summit, Mr. New passed first through well-cultivated fields of corn, sweet potatoes, bananas, and so on, which gradually gave way to dense, uncleared jungle, the track gradually tilting upward toward the heights. Then, as they passed from the foothills to the side of the great mountain itself, there came a wide zone of enormous forest trees, interwoven with such a network of creeping and trailing plants that there would have been no possibility at all of getting through but for the elephant tracks that made paths in every direction, the forest being full of the heaviest game.

When mounting steadily upward, they came to the end of the zone of big trees, the climbers found themselves in clover, in the literal sense; a long upward march through this gradually thinning meadow land brought them up to a region of heaths, which on the African mountains are singularly rich and magnificent, in contrast to our North American peaks, where heaths are almost unknown. Finally came the region of bare rocks, above the line of the highest vegetable life, and the last 1,000 or 1,500 feet was capped with everlasting snow.

The natives who made the ascent were cowed and terrified by the cold, for at these high altitudes the nights were intensely cold; the days also, in spite of the sting of the sunlight, once they approached the snowline. But they feared more the imaginary terrors of witches and demons that play so large a part in the working beliefs of this still largely pagan land. For, while toward the coast, with its large immigration from Arabia, the religion of Mohammed, with its accompaniment of slavery, has many adherents, the darker natives inland are still witch-fearing pagans.

It is evident that, in these dense equatorial forests, General Smuts will have no light task in tracking and cutting off the remaining German forces; he is fighting through a country as different as possible from his own almost treeless Transvaal veldt.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

The Advance on Bitlis and on Czernowitz

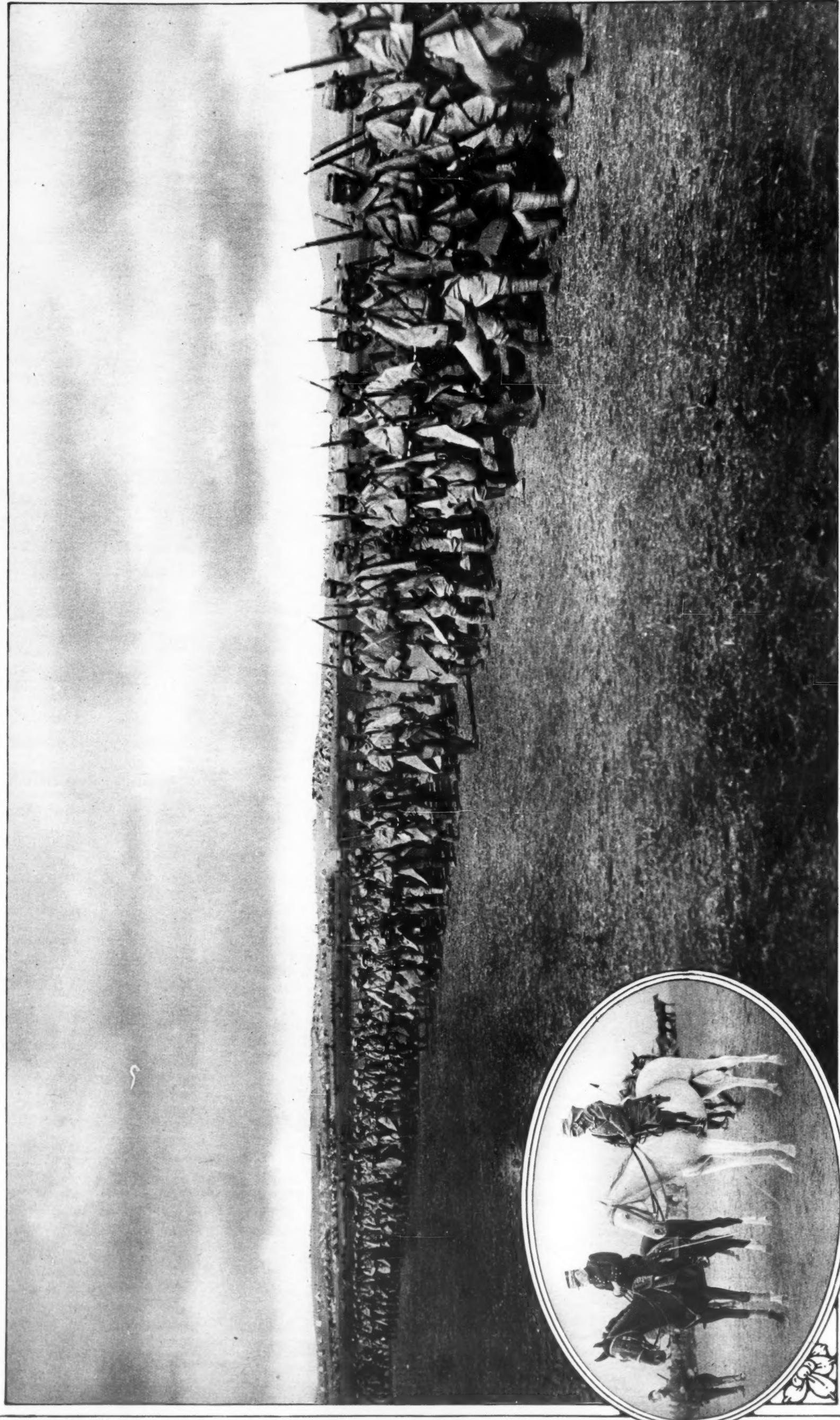


Russian troops in the vicinity of Czernowitz in a hastily dug trench facing the retreating Austrians.
(Medem Photo Service.)



On from Erzerum! A remarkable photograph showing the Russian column advancing on Bitlis, which important Turkish city they captured two weeks ago.
(Photo by Underwood & Underwood.)

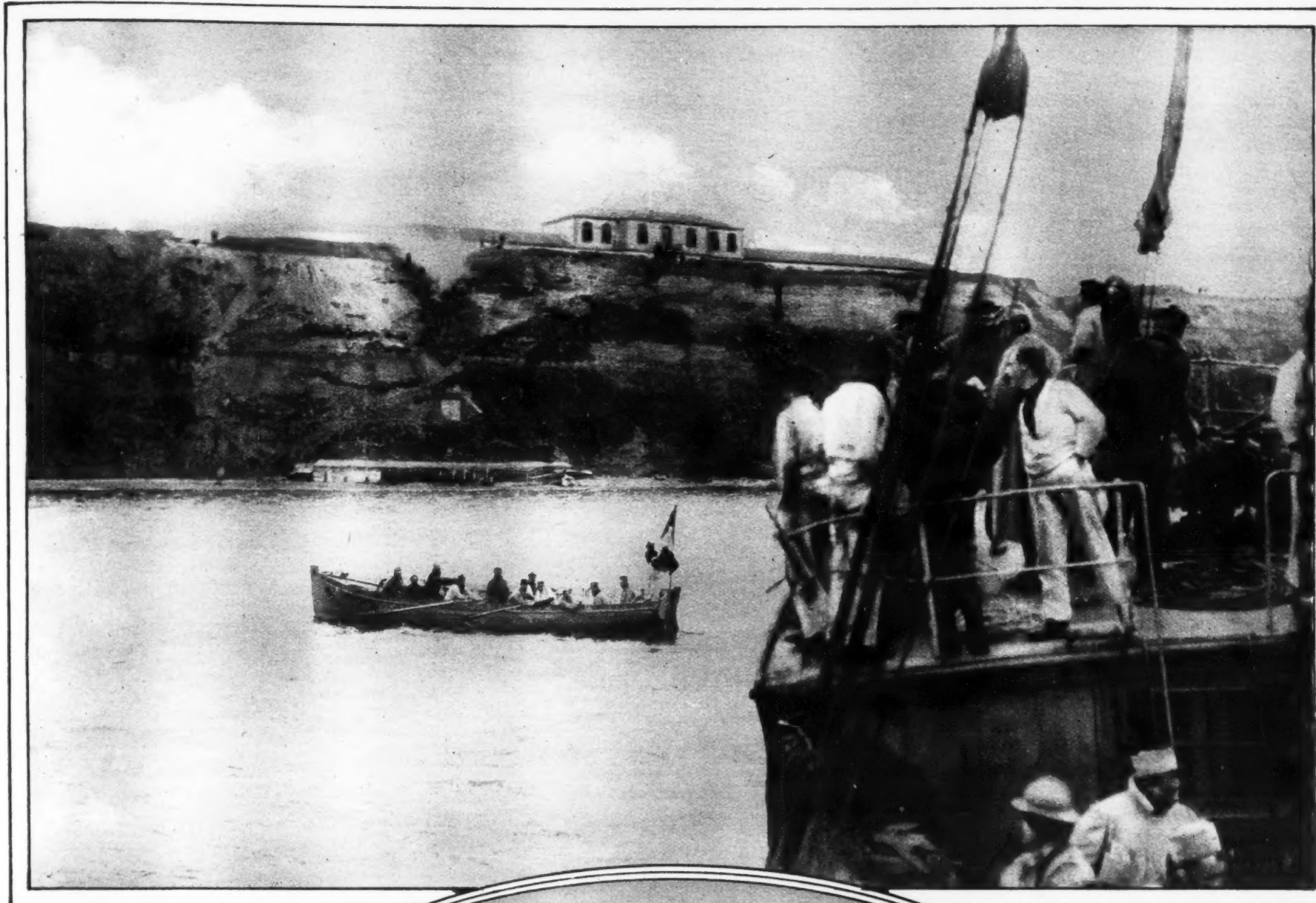
Off for the Ultimate Front on the Serbo-Bulgarian Boundary



General Sarrail, (at left,) the commander of the French Balkan army, on the field at Saloniki.

A column of French infantry marching over the heath outside of the allied camps at Saloniki on its way to the ultimate Macedonian front, where there have been recent sharp encounters between small forces of the opposing armies.
(From privately loaned French War Photos.)

The French Seize a Greek Coast Fortress



(At top.) French marines taking possession of the fortress of Kara-Burun, a powerful Greek position at the entrance to Saloniki Bay. The Allies suspected that German submarines were receiving supplies from this position, and, after the torpedoing of a British steamer, Gen. Sarrail seized the fort.



(At left.) The British steamer Nordman, reported to have been torpedoed by a German or Austrian submarine and sunk under the guns of Kara-Burun fortress at the entrance to Saloniki Bay; the British managed to beach the vessel, and so saved many of its cargo of 4,500 army mules.



French and Russian sailors, the latter from the Russian cruiser Askold, fraternizing at Kara-Burun, after the Greek fortress had been seized by the French.
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)

The Wars of the Little Nations



A view from Mount Titano, overlooking San Marino, the tiny republic on the northern boundary of Italy, on whom Austria has at last made a formal declaration of war.

(Press Illustrating Co.)

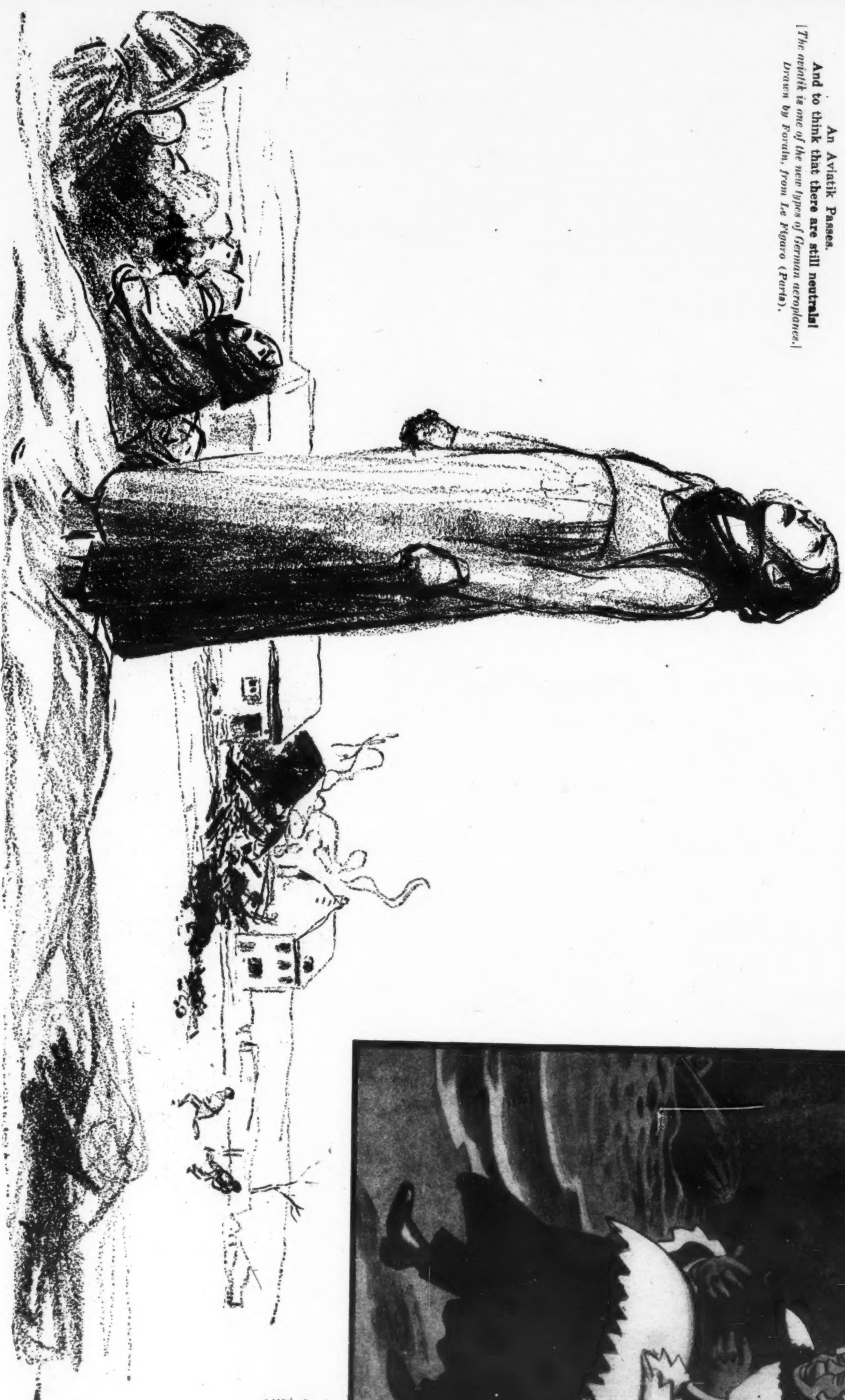


A view over the Harbor of Durazzo, the Albanian port which has been occupied by Austria after a brief defense by Italy. Albanian guns and gunners are seen.

(Feature Photo Service.)

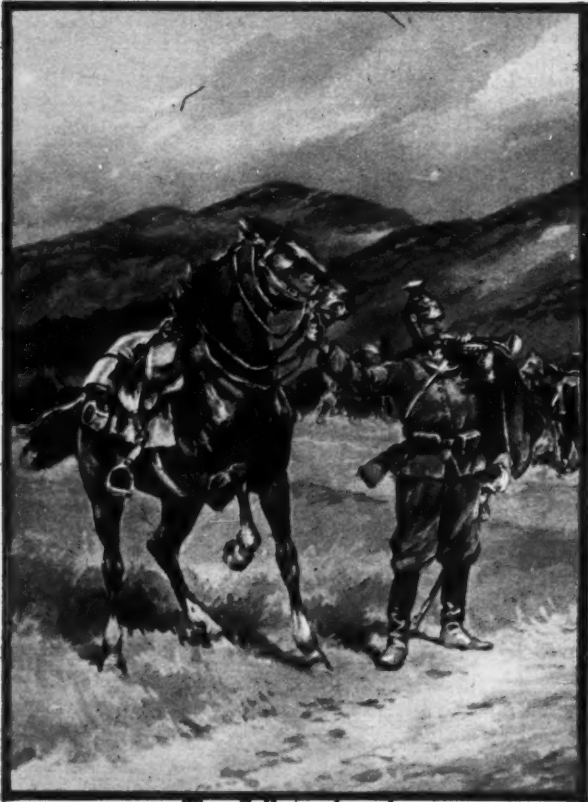
Cartoon Comment in the Wake of the Air Craft

An Aviation Passer.
And to think that there are still neutrals!
[The aviatik is one of the new types of German aeroplanes.]
Drawn by Foudin, from Le Figaro (Paris).



"In Like Manner a Levite Passed By."
—St. Luke, 10, 32.
The Anglican Bishop of London
praised the British sailors who re-
fused to rescue the crew of our
wrecked Zeppelin.
—© Lüssige Bloetter (Berlin).

The Spirit of the Warring Nations Expressed in Popular Postcards—XIII.



The Call to Arms!
Being sounded by a German cavalry bugler.



The Parting!
A German card of tender appeal.



Europa Laments
Over a continent torn by warfare.



Faith and Charity.
An English card of sentiment.



A Faithful Friend!
The Red Cross dog helps find German wounded.